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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IN the eighteenth chapter of "The Acts of the Apostles" an account is given of the founding by Paul of the Church of Corinth. At that time Corinth was a great seaport, with a cosmopolitan population and an apparently well-deserved reputation for immorality. Not long after Paul's departure, it appears that some members of the Church fell back into the evil ways of the place, and their brethren wrote to Paul for advice. Paul's reply, now lost, seems to have been misunderstood; and their answer, along with oral reports which had reached the apostle, called forth the first of the two extant epistles. This was written at Ephesus, probably in 54 A. D., though some scholars date it three or four years later.

Our second epistle was sent from Macedonia, after Paul had been forced to flee from Ephesus, a few months after the date of the first. Like the first, it deals with scandals and divisions in the Corinthian Church, but rejoices over some matters on which its founder could offer congratulations. The more painful part of the letter, chapters X to XIII, is supposed by some to be part of an epistle coming between the first and the second.

The two letters give a very vivid picture of the perils through which the infant church struggled in the midst of a vicious pagan society, before its fundamental principles were firmly grasped, and while opportunities abounded to be led astray by rival teachers. Paul addresses himself to the unpleasant task of discipline with straightforwardness and courage, yet with much tenderness; and in holding up to his converts the gospel as he conceived it, he rises to a pitch of sublime eloquence.



THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS

[1]

I

PAUL, called *to be* an apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God, and Sosthenes our¹ brother, [2] unto the church of God which is at Corinth, *even* them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called *to be* saints, with all that call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in every place, their *Lord* and ours: [3] Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

[4] I thank my² God always concerning you, for the grace of God which was given you in Christ Jesus; [5] that in everything ye were enriched in him, in all utterance³ and all knowledge; [6] even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you: [7] so that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ; [8] who shall also confirm you unto the end, *that ye be* unproveable in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. [9] God is faithful, through whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

[10] Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and *that* there be no divisions⁴ among you; but *that* ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment. [11] For it hath been signified unto me concerning you, my brethren, by them *that are of the household* of Chloe, that there are contentions among you. [12] Now this I mean, that each one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. [13] Is⁵ Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye

¹ Gr. *the brother*.

⁴ Gr. *schisms*.

² Some ancient authorities omit *my*.

³ Gr. *word*.

⁵ Or, *Christ is divided! Was Paul crucified for you?*

might learn not to go beyond the things which are written; that no one of you be puffed up for the one against the other. [7] For who maketh thee to differ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? but if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it? [8] Already are ye filled, already ye are become rich, ye have come to reign without us: yea and I would that ye did reign, that we also might reign with you. [9] For, I think, God hath set forth us the apostles last of all, as men doomed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, both^a to angels and men. [10] We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye have glory, but we have dishonor. [11] Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; [12] and we toil, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we endure: [13] being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth^b of the world, the off-scouring of all things, even until now.

[14] I write not these things to shame you, but to admonish you as my beloved children. [15] For though ye have ten thousand tutors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I begat you through the gospel.^c [16] I beseech you therefore, be ye imitators of me. [17] For this cause have I sent unto you Timothy, who is my beloved and faithful child in the Lord, who shall put you in remembrance of my ways which are in Christ, even as I teach everywhere in every church. [18] Now some are puffed up, as though I were not coming to you. [19] But I will come to you shortly, if the Lord will; and I will know, not the word of them that are puffed up, but the power. [20] For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. [21] What will ye? shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love and a spirit of gentleness?

V

[1] It is actually reported that there is fornication among you and such fornication as is not even among the Gentiles,

^a Or, and to angels, and to men.

^b Or, refuse.

^c Gr. good tidings. See marginal note on Mt. 4. 23.

shall judge angels? how much more, things that pertain to this life? [4] If then ye have to³ judge things pertaining to this life, do⁴ ye set them to judge who are of no account in the church? [5] I say *this* to move you to shame. What,⁶ cannot there be *found* among you one wise man who shall be able to decide between his brethren, [6] but brother goeth to law with brother, and that before unbelievers? [7] Nay, already it is altogether a⁷ defect in you, that ye have lawsuits one with another. Why not rather take wrong? why not rather be defrauded? [8] Nay, but ye yourselves do wrong, and defraud, and that *your* brethren. [9] Or know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with men, [10] nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. [11] And such were some of you: but ye were⁸ washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God.

[12] All things are lawful for me; but not all things are expedient. All things are lawful for me; but I will not be brought under the power of any. [13] Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats: but God shall bring to nought both it and them. But the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord; and the Lord for the body: [14] and God both raised the Lord, and will raise up us through his power. [15] Know ye not that your bodies are members of Christ? shall I then take away the members of Christ, and make them members of a harlot? God forbid. [16] Or know ye not that he that is joined to a harlot is one body? for. The twain, saith he, shall become one flesh. [17] But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit. [18] Flee fornication. Every sin that a man doeth is without the body: but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body. [19] Or know ye not that your body is a temple⁹ of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own: [20] for ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore in your body.

³ Gr. *judicare* pertaining to. ⁴ Gr. *estis* shall . . . church.
⁵ Gr. *is* or *et*. *estis* shall *estis* *estis* *estis*. ⁶ Gr. *a* *estis* or *estis*.
⁷ Gr. *estis* *estis* *estis*. ⁸ Gr. *estis* *estis*.

more? Nevertheless we did not use this right; but we bear all things, that we may cause no hindrance to the gospel^a of Christ. [13] Know ye not that they that minister about sacred things eat *of* the things of the temple, *and* they that wait upon the altar have their portion with the altar? [14] Even so did the Lord ordain that they that proclaim the gospel^a should live of the gospel.^a [15] But I have used none of these things: and I write not these things that it may be so done in my case; for *it were* good for me rather to die, than that any man should make my glorying void. [16] For if I preach^a the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me, if I preach^a not the gospel. [17] For if I do this of mine own will, I have a reward: but if not of mine own will, I have a stewardship intrusted to me. [18] What then is my reward? That, when I preach^a the gospel, I may make the gospel^a without charge, so as not to use to the full my right in the gospel.^a [19] For though I was free from all *men*, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more. [20] And to the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, not being myself under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; [21] to them that are without law, as without law, not being without law to God, but under law to Christ, that I might gain them that are without law. [22] To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak: I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some. [23] And I do all things for the gospel's^a sake, that I may be a joint partaker thereof. [24] Know ye not that they that run in a race^b run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run; that ye may attain. [25] And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. Now they *do it* to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. [26] I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight^c I, as not beating the air: [27] but I buffet^d my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have^e preached to others, I myself should be rejected.

^a See marginal note on ch. 4. 15.

^b Gr. *race course*.

^c Or, *have been a herald*.

^d See marginal note on ch. 1. 17.

^e Gr. *bruise*. Lk. 18. 5.

dom; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same Spirit: [9] to another faith, in the same Spirit; and to another gifts of healings, in the one Spirit; [10] and to another workings of miracles;¹ and to another prophecy; and to another discernings of spirits: to another *divers* kinds of tongues; and to another the interpretation of tongues: [11] but all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will.

[12] For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. [13] For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit. [14] For the body is not one member, but many. [15] If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; it is not therefore not of the body. [16] And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; it is not therefore not of the body. [17] If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? [18] But now hath God set the members each one of them in the body, even as it pleased him. [19] And if they were all one member, where were the body? [20] But now they are many members, but one body. [21] And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee: or again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. [22] Nay, much rather, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary: [23] and those *parts* of the body, which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow² more abundant honor; and our uncomely *parts* have more abundant comeliness; [24] whereas our comely *parts* have no need: but God tempered the body together, giving more abundant honor to that *part* which lacked; [25] that there should be no schism in the body; but *that* the members should have the same care one for another. [26] And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or *one* member is honored,³ all the members rejoice with it. [27] Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally⁴ members thereof. [28] And God hath set some

¹ Gr. *powers*.

² Or, *glorified*.

³ Or, *put on*.

⁴ Or, *members each in his part*.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS

[1]

I

PAUL, an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God, and Timothy our¹ brother, unto the church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints that are in the whole of Achaia: [2] Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

[3] Blessed *be* the² God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; [4] who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. [5] For as the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort also aboundeth through Christ. [6] But whether we are afflicted, it is for your comfort and salvation; or whether we are comforted, it is for your comfort, which worketh in the patient enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer: [7] and our hope for you is stedfast; knowing that, as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so also are ye of the comfort. [8] For we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning our affliction which befell us in Asia, that we were weighed down exceedingly, beyond our power, insomuch that we despaired even of life: [9] yea,³ we ourselves have had the sentence⁴ of death within ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead: [10] who delivered us out of so great a death, and will deliver: on whom we have set⁵ our hope that he will also still deliver us; [11] ye also helping together

¹ Gr. *the brother*. ² Or, *God and the Father*. See Rom. 15. 6 marg.

³ Or, *but we ourselves*. ⁴ Gr. *answer*.

⁵ Some ancient authorities read *set our hope; and still will he deliver us*.

[7] (for we walk by faith, not by sight⁴); [8] we are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord. [9] Wherefore also we make⁵ it our aim, whether at home or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him. [10] For we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things *done* in⁶ the body, according to what he hath done, whether *it be* good or bad.

[11] Knowing therefore the fear of the Lord, we persuade men, but we are made manifest unto God; and I hope that we are made manifest also in your consciences. [12] We are not again commending ourselves unto you, but *speak* as giving you occasion of glorying on our behalf, that ye may have wherewith to answer them that glory in appearance, and not in heart. [13] For whether we are⁷ beside ourselves, it is unto God; or whether we are of sober mind, it is unto you. [14] For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died; [15] and he died for all, that they that live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again. [16] Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh: even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know *him so* no more. [17] Wherefore if any man is in Christ, *he is*⁸ a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new. [18] But all things are of God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ, and gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation; [19] to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses, and having committed⁹ unto us the word of reconciliation.

[20] We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech *you* on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God. [21] Him who knew no sin he made *to be* sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in him.

⁴ Gr. *appearance*. ⁵ Gr. *are ambitious*. See Rom. 15. 20 marg.
⁶ Gr. *through*. ⁷ Or, *were*. ⁸ Or, *there is a new creation*.
⁹ Or, *placed in us*.

sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich. [10] And herein I give *my* judgment: for this is expedient for you, who were the first to make a beginning a year ago, not only to do, but also to will. [11] But now complete the doing also; that as *there was* the readiness to will, so *there may be* the completion also out of your ability. [12] For if the readiness is there, *it is* acceptable according as *a man* hath, not according as *he* hath not. [13] For *I say* not *this* that others may be eased *and* ye distressed; [14] but by equality: your abundance *being a supply* at this present time for their want, that their abundance also may become *a supply* for your want; that there may be equality: [15] as it is written, He that *gathered* much had nothing over; and he that *gathered* little had no lack.

[16] But thanks be to God, who putteth the same earnest care for you into the heart of Titus. [17] For he accepted indeed our exhortation; but being himself very earnest, he went forth unto you of his own accord. [18] And we have sent together with him the brother whose praise in the gospel³ is *spread* through all the churches; [19] and not only so, but who was also appointed by the churches to travel with us in *the matter of* this grace, which is ministered by us to the glory of the Lord, and *to show* our readiness: [20] avoiding this, that any man should blame us in *the matter of* this bounty which is ministered by us: [21] for we take thought for things honorable, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men. [22] And we have sent with them our brother, whom we have many times proved earnest in many things, but now much more earnest, by reason of the great confidence which *he hath* in you. [23] Whether *any inquire* about Titus, *he is* my partner and *my* fellow-worker to you-ward; or our brethren, *they are* the messengers⁴ of the churches, *they are* the glory of Christ. [24] Show⁵ ye therefore unto them in the face of the churches the proof of your love, and of our glorying on your behalf.

³ See marginal note on ch. 2. 12.

⁴ Gr. *apostles*.

⁵ Or, *Show ye therefore in the face . . . on your behalf unto them.*

liberality¹ of *your* contribution unto them and unto all; [14] while they themselves also, with supplication on your behalf, long after you by reason of the exceeding grace of God in you. [15] Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.

X

[1] Now I Paul myself entreat you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, I who in your presence am lowly among you, but being absent am of good courage toward you: [2] yea, I beseech you, that I may not when present show courage with the confidence wherewith I count to be bold against some, who count of us as if we walked according to the flesh. [3] For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh [4] (for the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds); [5] casting down imaginations,¹ and every high thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ; [6] and being in readiness to avenge all disobedience, when your obedience shall be made full. [7] Ye² look at the things that are before your face. If any man trusteth in himself that he is Christ's, let him consider this again with himself, that, even as he is Christ's, so also are we. [8] For though I should glory somewhat abundantly concerning our authority (which the Lord gave for building you up, and not for casting you down), I shall not be put to shame: [9] that I may not seem as if I would terrify you by my letters. [10] For, His letters, they say, are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech of no account. [11] Let such a one reckon this, that, what we are in word by letters when we are absent, such *are we* also in deed when we are present. [12] For we are not bold to³ number or compare ourselves with certain of them that commend themselves: but they themselves, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves, are without understanding.

¹ Or, reasonings. Rom. 2. 15.

² Or, Do ye look . . . face?

³ Gr. to judge ourselves among, or to judge ourselves with.

**HYMNS
OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH**

HYMNS BASED ON PSALMS

PSALM XIX

JOSEPH ADDISON

[1672-1719]

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM XXIII

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER

[1821-1877]

THE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me
And on his shoulder gently laid
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O! what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

PSALM LXXII

ISAAC WATTS

[1674-1748]

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north and south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold,
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more.
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

HC XLV (4)

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

PSALM XC

ISAAC WATTS

[1674-1748]

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh, "To dust
Return ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM C

WILLIAM KETHE

[(?) *circa 1562*]

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIV

SIR ROBERT GRANT

[1785-1838]

O WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love,—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

GREEK HYMNS

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

ANONYMOUS

[4th Century or earlier]

GLORY be to God on high, and in earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH

ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. Tr. H. M. DEXTER

[(?) 170-220]

SHEPHERD of tender youth
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant king,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
Tributes of praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

Thou art the great High-Priest;
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love;
 While in our mortal pain
 None calls on Thee in vain;
 Help Thou dost not disdain,
 Help from above.

Ever be Thou our guide,
 Our shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song:
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy perennial word
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing.
 Let all the holy throng
 Who to Thy Church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King!

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER

ATTRIBUTED TO ST. ANATOLIUS. Tr. J. M. NEALE

[458 A. D.]

THE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be:

O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS. TR. JOHN MASON NEALE

[*circa* 780]

'Tis the day of resurrection,—
Earth, tell it out abroad,—
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light,
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph
 And all that is therein,
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend;
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

ART THOU WEARY?

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. Tr. J. M. NEALE

[725-794]

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
 Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch
 That His Brow adorns?
 "Yea a Crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heav'n
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

LATIN HYMNS

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

ATTRIBUTED TO NICETA OF REMISIANA

[4th Century]

WE praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be
the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Churubin and Seraphin continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;

The Father, of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true, and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not
abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou
didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the Glory of the
Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants whom thou hast
redeemed with thy precious blood.

Submit the senses to the soul,
 And, when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way;

Make us eternal truths receive
 And practise all that we believe.
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

HIC BREVE VIVITUR

FROM "DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI" BY BERNARD
 OF MORLAIX. Tr. J. M. NEALE

[*cir.* 1125]

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

And after fleshly scandal,
 And after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind,
 Is calm and joy and light.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
 Such pleasure as, below,
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know:

The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

That peace,—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say.

Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight!

URBS SION AUREA

FROM THE SAME

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed
I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious,
The glory of the elect,

O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!

JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. E. CASWALL

[1091-1153]

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be:
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

JESU, DULCEDO CORDIUM

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. RAY PALMER

[1091-1153]

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still!
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
 Make all our moments calm and bright!
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

THOMAS A CELANO. Tr. J. O'HAGAN

[d. 1275]

DAY of wrath, that day whose knelling
 Gives to flame this earthly dwelling;
 Psalm and Sibyl thus foretelling.

Me my culprit heart accuses;
Inmost guilt my face suffuses;
Heal, O Lord, thy suppliant's bruises.

Thou who Mary's sin hast shriven,
Thou who broughtst the thief to heaven,
Hope to me hast also given.

Nothing worth is mine endeavour,
Yet, in ruth, my soul deliver
From the flame that burns for ever.

With thy sheep, thy chosen, place me,
Severed from the goats embrace me;
On thy right-hand, ransomed, place me.

When the reprobate confounded
Lie with wrathful fire surrounded,
May my call to bliss be sounded.

Crushed to dust and prostrate bending,
All my heart contrition rending;
I implore thee, guard my ending.

Oh, that awful day of mourning,
When, from earthly dust returning,

Guilty man shall bide his sentence;
Spare him, God, for his repentance.

Jesus, Lord, thy mercy lending,
Grant them rest, thy rest unending.

STABAT MATER

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. Tr. D. F. MACCARTHY

[13th-14th Century]

By the cross, on which suspended,
With his bleeding hands extended,
Hung that Son she so adored,

Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
She whose heart, its silence keeping,
Grief had cleft as with a sword.

Oh, that Mother's sad affliction—
Mother of all benediction—
Of the sole-begotten One;
Oh, the grieving, sense-bereaving,
Of her heaving breast, perceiving
The dread sufferings of her Son.

What man is there so unfeeling,
Who, his heart to pity steeling,
Could behold that sight unmoved?
Could Christ's Mother see there weeping,
See the pious Mother keeping
Vigil by the Son she loved?

For his people's sins atoning,
She saw Jesus writhing, groaning,
'Neath the scourge wherewith he bled;
Saw her loved one, her consoler,
Dying in his dreadful dolour,
Till at length his spirit fled.

O thou Mother of election,
Fountain of all pure affection,
Make thy grief, thy pain, my own;
Make my heart to God returning,
In the love of Jesus burning.
Feel the fire that thine has known.

Blessed Mother of prediction,
Stamp the marks of crucifixion
Deeply on my stony heart,
Ever leading where thy bleeding
Son is pleading for my needing.
Let me in his wounds take part.

Make me truly, each day newly
While life lasts, O Mother, duly
Weep with him, the Crucified.
Let me, 'tis my sole demanding,
Near the cross, where thou art standing,
Stand in sorrow at thy side.

Queen of virgins, best and dearest,
Grant, oh, grant the prayer thou hearest,
Let me ever mourn with thee;
Let compassion me so fashion
That Christ's wounds, his death and passion,
Be each day renewed in me.

Oh, those wounds do not deny me;
On that cross, oh, crucify me;
Let me drink his blood I pray:
Then on fire, enkindled, daring,
I may stand without despairing
On that dreadful judgment-day.

May that cross be my salvation;
Make Christ's death my preservation;
May his grace my heart make wise;
And when death my body taketh,
May my soul when it awaketh
Ope in heaven its raptured eyes.

ADESTE FIDELES

ANONYMOUS

Called "THE PORTUGUESE CHAPEL HYMN."

Tr. J. R. BESTE

[15th-16th Century]

HASTEN, ye faithful, glad, joyful, and holy,
Speed ye to Bethlem to honour the Word;
See there the King of angels is born lowly—

And grief and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O Blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love thee well?—
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love thee and will love,
And in thy praise will sing,
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

MARTIN RINKART. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH

[1586-1649]

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices,
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:—

The One Eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!

BE NOT DISMAYED

ATTRIBUTED TO GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS
 Tr. ELIZABETH CHARLES

[1594-1632]

Be not dismayed, thou little flock,
 Although the foe's fierce battle-shock,
 Loud on all sides, assail thee.
 Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
 Their triumph cannot long endure:
 Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's: go at his call,
 And to his hand commit thy all.
 Fear thou no ill impending.
 His Gideon shall arise for thee,
 God's word and people manfully,
 In God's own time, defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;
 Against themselves the godless fight,
 Themselves, not us, distressing.
 Shame and contempt their lot shall be;
 God is with us, with him are we;
 To us belongs his blessing.

IN TEMPTATION

CHARLES WESLEY

[1708-1788]

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on thee I cast my care!
Reach me out thy gracious hand
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love!
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man:
O! to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

WILLIAM COWPER

[1731-1800]

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH

WILLIAM COWPER

[1731-1800]

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye no more your suns descending.
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

EARLY PIETY

REGINALD HEBER

[1783-1826]

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine,
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own.

THE HOLY TRINITY

REGINALD HEBER

[1783-1826]

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR

JOHN KEBLE

[1792-1866]

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

[1801-1890]

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

[1805-1848]

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

RAY PALMER

[1808-1887]

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul!

A SUN-DAY HYMN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[1809-1894]

LORD of all being, throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day:
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign:
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

[1814-1863]

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark:
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
E'er death finds out his victims in the dark.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at last; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea,
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

JOHN MARRIOTT

[1816]

THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

BUDDHIST WRITINGS

**TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY
HENRY CLARKE WARREN**

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A student he, and wise in spells,
A master of the Vedas three.
He fortunes told, tradition knew,
And every duty of his caste.

In secret then I sat me down,
And thus to ponder I began:
"What misery to be born again!
And have the flesh dissolve at death!

"Subject to birth, old age, disease,
Extinction will I seek to find,
Where no decay is ever known,
Nor death, but all security.

"What if I now should rid me of
This body foul, this charnel-house,
And go my way without a care,
Or least regret for things behind!

"There is, there must be, an escape!
Impossible there should not be!
I'll make the search and find the way,
Which from existence shall release!

"Even as, although there misery is,
Yet happiness is also found;
So, though indeed existence is,
A non-existence should be sought.

"Even as, although there may be heat,
Yet grateful cold is also found;
So, though the threefold fire⁴ exists,
Likewise Nirvana should be sought.

"Even as, although there evil is,
That which is good is also found;
So, though 't is true that birth exists,
That which is not birth should be sought.

⁴ Lust, hatred and infatuation.

“ Even as a man befouled with dung,
Seeing a brimming lake at hand,
And nathless bathing not therein,
Were senseless should he chide the lake;

“ So, when Nirvana’s lake exists
To wash away corruption’s stain,
Should I not seek to bathe therein,
I might not then Nirvana chide.

“ Even as a man hemmed in by foes,
Seeing a certain safe escape,
And nathless seeking not to flee,
Might not the blameless pathway chide;

“ So, when my passions hem me in,
And yet a way to bliss exists,
Should I not seek to follow it,
That way of bliss I might not chide.

“ Even as a man who, sore diseased,
When a physician may be had,
Should fail to send to have him come,
Might the physician then not chide;

“ So, when diseased with passion, sore
Oppressed, I seek the master not
Whose ghostly counsel me might cure,
The blame should not on him be laid.

“ Even as a man might rid him of
A horrid corpse bound to his neck,
And then upon his way proceed,
Joyous, and free, and unconstrained;

“ So must I likewise rid me of
This body foul, this charnel-house,
And go my way without a care,
Or least regret for things behind.

Then, in the distant border-land,
Invited they this Being Great,
And every one, with joyful heart,
The pathway for his coming cleared.

Now so it happened at this time,
That I my hermitage had left,
And, barken garments rustling loud,
Was passing o'er them through the air.

Then saw I every one alert,
Well-pleased, delighted, overjoyed;
And, coming downward from the sky,
The multitude I straightway asked:

"Well-pleased, delighted, overjoyed,
And all alert is every one;
For whom is being cleared the way,
The path, the track to travel on?"

When thus I asked, response was made:
"A mighty Buddha has appeared,
A Conqueror, Lord of All the World,
Whose name is called Dipamkara.
For him is being cleared the way,
The path, the track to travel on."

This word, "The Buddha," when I heard,
Joy sprang up straightway in my heart;
"A Buddha! Buddha!" cried I then,
And published my heart's content.

And standing there I pondered deep,
By joyous agitation seized:
"Here will I now some good seed sow,
Nor let this fitting season slip."

"For a Buddha do ye clear the road?
Then, pray, grant also me a place!
I, too, will help to clear the way,
The path, the track to travel on."

"Then fear and danger are unknown;
All we are freed from them to-day;
And by this token we perceive—
'Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!'

"No dust upwhirleth towards the sky;
Even so to-day this thing is seen;
And by this token we perceive—
'Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!'

"All noisome odors drift away,
And heavenly fragrance fills the air;
Even so the winds now sweetness waft—
Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!

"Then all the gods appear to view,
Save those that hold the formless realm;
Even so to-day these all are seen—
Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!

"Then clearly seen are all the hells,
However many be their tale;
Even so to-day may all be seen—
Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!

"Through walls, and doors, and mountain-rocks,
One finds an easy passage then;
Even so to-day they yield like air—
Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!

"Existence then forbears its round
Of death and rebirth for a time;
Even so to-day this thing is seen—
Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!

"Do thou a strenuous effort make!
Do not turn back! Go on! Advance!
Most certainly we know this thing:
'Surely a Buddha thou shalt be!'"

Thus praised they me with glad acclaim;
And I, beginning to fulfil
The ten conditions of my quest,
Re-entered then into the wood.

END OF THE STORY OF SUMEDHA.

THE BIRTH OF THE BUDDHA

Translated from the Introduction to the Jātaka (i.47²¹)

NOW while the Future Buddha was still dwelling in the city of the Tusita gods, the "Buddha-Uproar," as it is called, took place. For there are three uproars which take place in the world,—the Cyclic-Uproar, the Buddha-Uproar, and the Universal-Monarch-Uproar. They occur as follows:—

When it is known that after the lapse of a hundred thousand years the cycle is to be renewed, the gods called Lokabyūhas, inhabitants of a heaven of sensual pleasure, wander about through the world, with hair let down and flying in the wind, weeping and wiping away their tears with their hands, and with their clothes red and in great disorder. And thus they make announcement:—

"Sirs, after the lapse of a hundred thousand years, the cycle is to be renewed; this world will be destroyed; also the mighty ocean will dry up; and this broad earth, and Sineru, the monarch of the mountains, will be burnt up and destroyed,—up to the Brahma heavens will the destruction of the world extend. Therefore, sirs, cultivate friendliness; cultivate compassion, joy, and indifference; wait on your mothers; wait on your fathers; and honor your elders among your kinsfolk."

This is called the Cyclic-Uproar.

Again, when it is known that after a lapse of a thousand years an omniscient Buddha is to arise in the world, the guardian angels of the world wander about, proclaiming:

"Sirs, after the lapse of a thousand years a Buddha will arise in the world."

This is called the Buddha-Uproar.

And lastly, when they realize that after the lapse of a hundred years a Universal Monarch is to arise, the terrestrial deities wander about, proclaiming:—

The Blessed One. And changing his natural appearance into that of a young man, he stood before The Blessed One, and with his joined hands to his forehead did reverence to The Blessed One.

Then the Blessed One, concerning this, on that occasion, breathed forth this solemn utterance,—

“How blest the happy solitude
Of him who hears and knows the truth!
How blest is harmlessness towards all,
And self-restraint towards living things!
How blest from passion to be free,
All sensuous joys to leave behind!
Yet far the highest bliss of all
To quit th’ illusion false—‘I am.’”

End of the account of what took place under
Mucalinda-tree.

into Nirvana; he has arrived at the cessation of perception and sensation."

Thereupon The Blessed One rising from the cessation of his perception and sensation, entered the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception; and rising from the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception, he entered the realm of nothingness; and rising from the realm of nothingness, he entered the realm of the infinity of consciousness; and rising from the realm of the infinity of consciousness, he entered the realm of the infinity of space; and rising from the realm of the infinity of space, he entered the fourth trance; and rising from the fourth trance, he entered the third trance; and rising from the third trance, he entered the second trance; and rising from the second trance, he entered the first trance; and rising from the first trance, he entered the second trance; and rising from the second trance, he entered the third trance; and rising from the third trance, he entered the fourth trance; and rising from the fourth trance, immediately The Blessed One passed into Nirvana.

"Is it, then, your majesty, something else besides pole, axle, wheels, chariot-body, banner-staff, yoke, reins and goad which is the chariot?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"Your majesty, although I question you very closely, I fail to discover any chariot. Verily now, your majesty, the word chariot is a mere empty sound. What chariot is there here? Your majesty, you speak a falsehood, a lie: there is no chariot. Your majesty, you are the chief king in all the continent of India; of whom are you afraid that you speak a lie? Listen to me, my lords, ye five hundred Yonakas, and ye eighty thousand priests! Milinda the king here says thus: 'I came in a chariot;' and being requested, 'Your majesty, if you came in a chariot, declare to me the chariot,' he fails to produce any chariot. Is it possible, pray, for me to assent to what he says?"

When he had thus spoken, the five hundred Yonakas applauded the venerable Nāgasena and spoke to Milinda the king as follows:—

"Now, your majesty, answer, if you can."

Then Milinda the king spoke to the venerable Nāgasena as follows:—

"Bhante Nāgasena, I speak no lie: the word 'chariot' is but a way of counting, term, appellation, convenient designation, and name for pole, axle, wheels, chariot-body, and banner-staff."

"Thoroughly well, your majesty, do you understand a chariot. In exactly the same way, your majesty, in respect of me, Nāgasena is but a way of counting, term, appellation, convenient designation, mere name for the hair of my head, hair of my body . . . brain of the head, form, sensation, perception, the predispositions, and consciousness. But in the absolute sense there is no Ego here to be found. And the priestess Vajirā, your majesty, said as follows in the presence of The Blessed One:—

" 'Even as the word of "chariot" means
That members join to frame a whole;
So when the Groups appear to view,
We use the phrase, "A living being."² ' "

² That is, "a living entity."

“Because, Ananda, after a priest has been freed by a thorough comprehension of affirmation and affirmation’s range, of predication and predication’s range, of declaration and declaration’s range, of knowledge and knowledge’s field of action, of rebirth and what rebirth affects, it is impossible for him to attribute such a heretical lack of knowledge and perception to a priest similarly freed.”

ment of dependence, shows a rejection of such heresies as that of the annihilation of existences, the heresies, namely, of the annihilation of existences, of nihilism, of the inefficacy of karma. For if the elements of being are continually originating by means of an antecedent dependence, whence can we have annihilation of existence, nihilism, and an inefficacy of karma?

By both together:—By the complete phrase “Dependent Origination,” inasmuch as such and such elements of being come into existence by means of an unbroken series of their full complement of dependence, the truth, or middle course, is shown. This rejects the heresy that he who experiences the fruit of the deed is the same as the one who performed the deed, and also rejects the converse one that he who experiences the fruit of a deed is different from the one who performed the deed, and leaning not to either of these popular hypotheses, holds fast by nominalism.

REBIRTH IS NOT TRANSMIGRATION

1.—Translated from the Milindapañha (71st)

SAID the king: "Bhante Nāgasena, does rebirth take place without anything transmigrating [passing over]?"

"Yes, your majesty. Rebirth takes place without anything transmigrating."

"How, bhante Nāgasena, does rebirth take place without anything transmigrating? Give an illustration."

"Suppose, your majesty, a man were to light a light from another light; pray, would the one light have passed over [transmigrated] to the other light?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"In exactly the same way, your majesty, does rebirth take place without anything transmigrating."

"Give another illustration."

"Do you remember, your majesty, having learnt, when you were a boy, some verse or other from your professor of poetry?"

"Yes, bhante."

"Pray, your majesty, did the verse pass over [transmigrate] to you from your teacher?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"In exactly the same way, your majesty, does rebirth take place without anything transmigrating."

"You are an able man, bhante Nāgasena."

2.—Translated from the Milindapañha (80th),

"Bhante Nāgasena," said the king, "what is it that is born into the next existence?"

"Your majesty," said the elder, "it is name and form that is born into the next existence."

man's field, and the owner of the field were to seize him, and show him to the king, and say, 'Sire, this man has burnt up my field;' and the other were to say, 'Sire, I did not set this man's field on fire. The fire which I failed to put out was a different one from the one which has burnt up this man's field. I am not liable to punishment.' Pray, your majesty, would the man be liable to punishment?"

"Assuredly, bhante, would he be liable to punishment."

"For what reason?"

"Because, in spite of what he might say, the man would be liable to punishment for the reason that the last fire derived from the first fire."

"In exactly the same way, your majesty, with this name and form one does a deed—it may be good, or it may be wicked—and by reason of this deed another name and form is born into the next existence. Therefore is one not freed from one's evil deeds."

"Give another illustration."

"Your majesty, it is as if a man were to ascend to the top story of a house with a light, and eat there; and the light in burning were to set fire to the thatch; and the thatch in burning were to set fire to the house; and the house in burning were to set fire to the village; and the people of the village were to seize him, and say, 'Why, O man, did you set fire to the village?' and he were to say, 'I did not set fire to the village. The fire of the lamp by whose light I ate was a different one from the one which set fire to the village;' and they, quarreling, were to come to you. Whose cause, your majesty, would you sustain?"

"That of the people of the village, bhante."

"And why?"

"Because, in spite of what the man might say, the latter fire sprang from the former."

"In exactly the same way, your majesty, although the name and form which is born into the next existence is different from the name and form which is to end at death, nevertheless, it is springing from it. Therefore is one not freed from one's evil deeds."

"Give another illustration."

"Your majesty, it is as if a man were to choose a young

nevertheless, it is sprung from it. Therefore is one not freed from one's evil deeds."

"You are an able man, bhante Nāgasena."

3.—Translated from the *Visuddhi-Magga* (chap. xvii.)

It is only elements of being possessing a dependence that arrive at a new existence: none transmigrated from the last existence, nor are they in the new existence without causes contained in the old. By this is said that it is only elements of being, with form or without, but possessing a dependence, that arrive at a new existence. There is no entity, no living principle; no elements of being transmigrated from the last existence into the present one; nor, on the other hand, do they appear in the present existence without causes in that one. This we will now make plain by considering birth and death as they occur every day among men.

For when, in any existence, one arrives at the gate of death, either in the natural course of things or through violence; and when, by a concourse of intolerable, death-dealing pains, all the members, both great and small, are loosened and wrenched apart in every joint and ligament; and the body, like a green palm-leaf exposed to the sun, dries up by degrees; and the eye-sight and the other senses fail; and the power of feeling, and the power of thinking, and vitality are making the last stand in the heart—then consciousness residing in that last refuge, the heart, continues to exist by virtue of karma, otherwise called the predispositions. This karma, however, still retains something of what it depends on, and consists of such former deeds as were weighty, much practised, and are now close at hand; or else this karma creates a reflex of itself or of the new mode of life now being entered upon, and it is with this as its object that consciousness continues to exist.

Now while the consciousness still subsists, inasmuch as desire and ignorance have not been abandoned and the evil of the object is hidden by that ignorance, desire inclines the consciousness to the object; and the karma that sprang up along with the consciousness impels it toward the object. This consciousness being in its series thus inclined toward

any one else, be he monk or Brahman; but, O priests, what I by myself, unassisted, have known, and seen, and learnt, that I tell you.

All they who thoughtless are, nor heed,
 What time death's messengers appear,
 Must long the pangs of suffering feel
 In some base body habiting.
 But all those good and holy men,
 What time they see death's messengers,
 Behave not thoughtless, but give heed
 To what the Noble Doctrine says;
 And in attachment frightened see
 Of birth and death the fertile source,
 And from attachment free themselves,
 Thus birth and death extinguishing,
 Secure and happy ones are they,
 Released from all this fleeting show;
 Exempted from all sin and fear,
 All misery have they overcome.

2.—Reprinted from Mrs. Piozzi's (Thrale's) Autobiography (ed. Hayward, Ticknor and Fields, Boston, 1861), vol. ii. p. 247

THE THREE WARNINGS

A TALE

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years.
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This greatest affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old affections can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
 When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom,
 With him into another room;
 And looking grave, you must, says he,
 Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.
 With you, and quit my Susan's side?
 With you! the hapless husband cried:
 Young as I am; 't is monstrous hard;

Since I was here before
'T is six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.
So much the worse, the clown rejoined,
To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal
And your authority,—Is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages.
I know, cries Death, that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you 'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy though of your strength.
Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past.
And no great wonder, Death replies;
However, you still keep your eyes,
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.
Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,
But, latterly, I 've lost my sight.
This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there 's some comfort still, says Death;
Each strives your sadness to amuse,
I warrant you have all the news.
There 's none, cries he, and if there were,
I 've grown so deaf, I could not hear.
Nay then, the spectre stern rejoined,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame and deaf and blind,
You 've had your three sufficient warnings
So come along, no more we 'll part:
He said, and touched him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate,—so ends my tale.

“Alas, Reverend Sir, how very short is the life of all creatures! In the morning she waited on us, and in the evening a disease attacked her, and she died.”

“Assuredly, O priests,” said The Teacher, “the life of creatures is indeed short. And thus it is that death gets creatures into his power, and drags them away howling and weeping, and still unsated in their senses and lusts.”

So saying, he pronounced the following stanza:

“While eagerly man culls life's flowers,
With all his faculties intent,
Of pleasure still insatiate—
Death comes and overpowereth him.”

"I will return a little later," said the Brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the monkey. And the latter also asking, "Why stand you there?" the Brahman answered the same as before.

"Very well," said the monkey; "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the third stanza:

"Ripe mangoes, water clear and cold,
And cool and pleasant woodland shade—
All these, O Brahman, are my own;
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the Brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the wise hare. And he also asking, "Why stand you there?" the Brahman answered the same as before.

The Future Buddha was delighted. "Brahman," said he, "you have done well in coming to me for food. To-day I will give alms such as I never gave before; and you will not have broken the precepts by destroying life. Go, my friend, and gather wood, and when you have made a bed of coals, come and tell me. I will sacrifice my life by jumping into the bed of live coals. And as soon as my body is cooked, do you eat of my flesh, and perform the duties of a monk." And he addressed him with the fourth stanza:

"The hare no seed of sesamum
Doth own, nor beans, nor winnowed rice.
But soon my flesh this fire shall roast;
Then eat, and dwell within this wood."

When Sakka heard this speech, he made a heap of live coals by his superhuman power, and came and told the Future Buddha. The latter rose from his couch of dabba-grass, and went to the spot. And saying, "If there are any insects in my fur, I must not let them die," he shook himself three times. Then throwing his whole body into the jaws of his liberality, he jumped into the bed of coals, as delighted in mind as a royal flamingo when he alights in a cluster of lotuses. The fire, however, was unable to make hot so much

tues; by concentration, the abandonment of the corruptions through their avoidance; by wisdom, the abandonment of the corruptions through their extirpation.

By conduct, again, is indicated the hostility to corrupt acts; by concentration, the hostility to corrupt feelings; by wisdom, the hostility to corrupt propensities.

By conduct, again, is indicated the purification from the corruption of bad practices; by concentration, the purification from the corruption of desire; by wisdom, the purification from the corruption of heresy.

And by conduct, again, is indicated the attainment of conversion, and of once returning; by concentration, the attainment of never returning; by wisdom, the attainment of saintship. For the converted are described as "Perfect in the precepts," as likewise the once returning; but the never returning as "Perfect in concentration," and the saint as "Perfect in wisdom."

Thus are indicated the three disciplines, a thrice noble religion, the advent of the threefold knowledge, etc., the avoidance of the two extremes and the adoption of the middle course of conduct, the means of escape from the lower and other states of existence, the threefold abandonment of the corruptions, the three hostilities, the purification from the three corruptions, and the attainment of conversion and of the other degrees of sanctification; and not only these nine triplets, but also other similar ones.

Now although this *Way of Purity* was thus taught under the heads of conduct, concentration, and wisdom, and of the many good qualities comprised in them, yet this with excessive conciseness; and as, consequently, many would fail to be benefited, we here give its exposition in detail.

3.—Translated from the *Aṅguttara-Nikāya* (ii. 3rd)

What advantage, O priests, is gained by training in quiescence? The thoughts are trained. And what advantage is gained by the training of the thoughts? Passion is abandoned.

**" A frog was I in former times,
And wandered in the waters free,
And while I listened to thy Law,
A cowherd crushed me, and I died."**

Then The Blessed One taught him the Doctrine, and the conversion of eighty-four thousand living beings took place. And the frog, who had become a god, became established in the fruit of conversion, and with a pleased smile on his face departed.

“ ‘ May those without feet harm me not,
And those with two feet cause no hurt;
May those with four feet harm me not,
Nor those who many feet possess.

“ ‘ Let creatures all, all things that live,
All beings of whatever kind,
See nothing that will bode them ill!
May naught of evil come to them!

“ ‘ Infinite is The Buddha, infinite the Doctrine, infinite the Order! Finite are creeping things: snakes, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, lizards, and mice! I have now made my protection, and sung my song of defence. Let all living beings retreat! I revere The Blessed One, and the seven Supreme Buddhas! ’ ”

surpassing that of men, heard the above conversation between these two elephants among men. Then The Blessed One, on learning of this occurrence, on that occasion breathed forth this solemn utterance:

“The man whose mind, like to a rock,
Unmovèd stands, and shaketh not;
Which no delights can e'er inflame,
Or provocations rouse to wrath—
O, whence can trouble come to him,
Who thus hath nobly trained his mind?”

this, O priests, I addressed Brahma Sahampati in the following stanza :

“ ‘Let those with ears to hear come give me credence,
For lo ! the door stands open to the deathless.
O Brahma, 't was because I feared annoyance
That I was loath to tell mankind the Doctrine.’

“Then, O priests, thought Brahma Sahampati, ‘The Blessed One has granted my request that he should teach the Doctrine,’ and saluting me, he turned his right side towards me, and straightway disappeared.

“Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows :

“ ‘To whom had I best teach the Doctrine first? Who would quickly comprehend this Doctrine?’

“Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows :

“ ‘Here is this Alāra Kālāma, who is learned, skilled, intelligent, and has long been a person having but little defilement. What if I teach the Doctrine to Alāra Kālāma first? He would quickly comprehend this Doctrine.’

“Then, O priests, a deity announced to me,

“ ‘Reverend Sir, Alāra Kālāma is dead these seven days.’

“Also in me the knowledge sprang up, ‘Alāra Kālāma is dead these seven days.’

“Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows :

“ ‘A noble man was Alāra Kālāma. Surely, if he could have heard this Doctrine, he would quickly have comprehended it.’

“Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows :

“ ‘To whom had I best teach the Doctrine first? Who would quickly comprehend this Doctrine?’

“Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows :

“ ‘Here is this Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, who is learned, skilled, intelligent, and has long been a person having but little defilement. What if I teach the Doctrine to Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, first? He would quickly comprehend this Doctrine.’

“Then, O priests, a deity announced to me,

“ ‘Reverend Sir, Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, died yesterday at night-fall.’

correct to say that it is brought about, not that it is not brought about.

Whereas the wise who cultivate
The wisdom which doth make a saint
Are they who reach this holy trance—
This trance by saints at all times prized,
And ever by them held to be
Nirvana in the present life—
Therefore the faculty to reach
This state of trance which is conferred
By wisdom in the holy paths
A blessing of those paths is called.

Nirvana after attaining half the normal length of life; he who passes into Nirvana *without instigation* achieves the fourth path without instigation or urging; he who passes into Nirvana *with instigation* achieves the higher path with instigation or urging; and he who *passes up current to the Sublime Gods* starts from the particular heaven in which he may be reborn, and ascends as far as to the Sublime Gods and there passes into Nirvana.

Of those who develop the wisdom of the fourth path, one is freed by faith, another is freed by wisdom, another is doubly freed, another possesses the threefold knowledge, another the Six High Powers, but the greatest of all is he who has mastered the four analytical sciences and has lost all depravity. Concerning this last it has been said:—

“At the time he is in the paths he is disentangling the snarl, at the time he is in the fruits he has disentangled the snarl, and there is in all the world of gods and men none more worthy of votive gifts.”

Since, then, such blessings manifold
From noble wisdom take their rise,
Therefore the understanding man
Should place therein his heart's delight.

The above constitutes the explanation of the development of wisdom and of its blessings in the Way of Purity as taught in the stanza,

“What man his conduct guardeth, and hath wisdom,
And thoughts and wisdom traineth well,
The strenuous and the able priest,
He disentangles all this snarl.”

against gadflies and mosquitoes, wind and sun, and the touch of serpents, and to cover nakedness, *i. e.* I wear them in all humility, for use only, and not for ornament or show. Having put on the yellow robes, he returns to the side of his tutor, and says,] Grant me leave to speak. I make obeisance to my lord. Lord, forgive me all my faults. Let the merit that I have gained be shared by my lord. It is fitting to give me to share in the merit gained by my lord. It is good, it is good. I share in it. Grant me leave to speak. Graciously give me, lord, the three refuges and the precepts. [He kneels down.] Lord, I pray for the refuges and the precepts.

[The tutor gives the three refuges and the ten precepts as follows, the candidate still kneeling, and repeating them after him sentence by sentence.

I

THE THREE REFUGES

I put my trust in Buddha.
 I put my trust in the Law.
 I put my trust in the Priesthood.
 Again I put my trust in Buddha.
 Again I put my trust in the Law.
 Again I put my trust in the Priesthood.
 Once more I put my trust in Buddha.
 Once more I put my trust in the Law.
 Once more I put my trust in the Priesthood.

II

THE TEN PRECEPTS OR LAWS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Abstinence from destroying life;
 Abstinence from theft;
 Abstinence from fornication and all uncleanness;
 Abstinence from lying;
 Abstinence from fermented liquor, spirits and strong drink which are a hindrance to merit;
 Abstinence from eating at forbidden times;
 Abstinence from dancing, singing, and shows;
 Abstinence from adorning and beautifying the person by the use of garlands, perfumes and unguents;
 Abstinence from using a high or a large couch or seat;
 Abstinence from receiving gold and silver;
 are the ten means (of leading a moral life).

fications for the priestly office. His alms-bowl and robes are complete. The candidate asks the priesthood for ordination under his superior the venerable Tissa. The assembly gives the candidate ordination under his superior the venerable Tissa. If any of the venerable assembly approve the ordination of the candidate under his superior the venerable Tissa, let him be silent; if any objects, let him speak. A third time I state this matter. Priests, listen. This candidate desires ordination under the venerable Tissa. He is free from disqualifications for the priestly office. His alms-bowl and robes are complete. The candidate asks the priesthood for ordination under his superior the venerable Tissa. The assembly gives the candidate ordination under his superior the venerable Tissa. If any of the venerable assembly approves the ordination of the candidate under his superior the venerable Tissa, let him be silent; if any objects, let him speak. [The two tutors here again make obeisance to the President, and say,] The candidate has received ordination from the priesthood under his superior the venerable Tissa. The assembly approves the resolution: therefore it keeps silence. So I understand your wish.

THE MENDICA

Translated from the Samyutta

THUS have I heard.

On a certain occasion The
ing at Sāvattthi in Jetavar
pindika's Park. And there The
priests:

"Priests," said he.

"Lord," said the priests to Th
And The Blessed One spoke

"Take pattern by the moon, C
ging. Hold aloof, O priests, bot
weary your welcome, nor be im

"Just as a man, O priests,
well, or a rugged mountain, or
hold aloof both in body and i
way, O priests, take pattern by
ging, hold aloof both in body
your welcome, nor be impuder

"Kassapa, O priests, takes
goes a-begging. He holds alo
never wearies his welcome, i
factors.

"What do you say to this
priest is worthy to go a-beg

"Reverend Sir, our beliefs
have The Blessed One for t
Pray, Reverend Sir, let the a
the mouth of The Blessed C
from The Blessed One will

Then The Blessed One w
as my hand, O priests, is
fast by the air, in exactly th
mind of a priest who goe

is well taught by
in the present life, is
intrinsic to salva-
man for him-
Doctrine, and be
of their en-
teaches the
intrinsic good-
and kindness.
example of Kas-
Kassapa, and
act accordingly."

AND HATE NOT FATHER AND MOTHER"

Translated from the *Visuddhi-Magga* (chap. iiii.)

FOR some persons even *mother and father* are no hindrances, as in the case of the young priest, the nephew on his mother's side of an elder who dwelt in Udaka monastery.

It is related that the young priest had gone to Rohana to the precepts read, and the elder's sister, who was a lay wife, used constantly to ask the elder for news of her

One day the elder determined to go and fetch the lad, and set out in the direction of Rohana. The youth also had left his quarters, and had issued forth from Rohana. For he said to himself, "It is a long time that I have lived here. I will go now and see my preceptor, and having learnt how the woman is doing, I will return again." And they both met on the banks of the Ganges. Then the young priest performed his respectful duties to the elder at the foot of a fig tree, and when the latter asked him, "Whither are you going?" he told him. Said the elder, "You do well; the lay woman is always asking after you, and it is for this reason that I am come. By all means go, and I will accompany you and keep residence here." And thus he dismissed him. The young priest arrived home at the monastery on the day for beginning residence, and they assigned to him a cell which had been built by his father. On the next day his father came, and inquired of one of the priests, "Reverend sir, to whom has my cell been assigned?" And when he heard it had been assigned to a young stranger, he drew near, and having done obeisance, he said,

"Reverend sir, any one who enters upon residence in my cell has a garment given him."

"What mean you, O layman?"

moderateness of his passions, must have gone away without announcing himself.” And he comforted her, and told her the whole story, and drawing forth the cloth from the scrip in which he carried his bowl, he showed it to her.

The lay woman was pleased, and lying prostrate, with her face in the direction in which her son had gone, she worshiped, saying,

“Methinks The Blessed One must have had in mind a body of priests like my son when he preached the relay course of conduct, the Nālaka course of conduct, the tuvata-taka course of conduct, and the course of conduct customary with the great saints, showing how to take delight in the cultivation of content with the four reliances. This man ate for three months in the house of the mother who bore him, and never said, ‘I am thy son, and thou art my mother.’ O the wonderful man!”

For such a one *mother and father* are no hindrances, much less any other lay devotees.

delighted, for she had been converted, and was a noble disciple. But when she came to the place where they were eating, and beheld them, she was angry with the treasurer, and returned to her own quarters, saying reproachfully, "These persons so devoid of shame and fear of sinning cannot be saints. Why did my father-in-law have me summoned?"

When the unclothed caught sight of her, they all with one mouth reproached the treasurer:

"Why, O householder, did you not find some one else for a daughter-in-law? You have introduced into your house an arrant misfortune-breeder, a disciple of the monk Gotama. Make haste and have her expelled from the house."

"It is out of the question," thought the treasurer, "for me to expel her just because these men tell me to do so. She is from too powerful a family." And he dismissed them, saying,

"Your reverences, young people sometimes act without knowing what they are about. Hold your peace!"

Then he sat down on a costly seat, and began to eat the sweet rice porridge from a golden bowl. At that moment a [Buddhist] elder on his begging rounds entered the house. Visākhā was standing fanning her father-in-law, and saw him. And thinking, "It would not be fitting for me to announce him to my father-in-law," she moved off in such a way as to call his attention to the elder. But the foolish, unconverted man, although he saw the elder, made as if he did not see him, and with head bent down, he kept on eating.

"Pass on, reverend sir," said Visākhā, when she perceived that her father-in-law made no sign, notwithstanding he had seen the elder; "my father-in-law is eating stale fare."

The treasurer, although he had borne with the talk of the naked ascetics, the moment she said, "He is eating stale fare," removed his hand from his bowl, and exclaimed,

"Take away this rice porridge, and turn the girl out of the house! To think that she should accuse *me*, and in a time of festivity, too, of eating anything unclean!"

But all the slaves and servants in the house belonged

Teacher, a lay devotee, had obtained the eight boons and held the position of mother, and used to provide him with the four reliances. Every evening and morning she used to wait on him at the monastery, and a certain female friend constantly accompanied her.

"When this friend saw on what intimate terms she conversed with The Teacher, and how much she was beloved, she began to consider: 'What do people do to be beloved by The Buddhas?' And she said to The Teacher:

"'Reverend Sir, what is this woman to you?'

"'She is the chief of my benefactresses.'

"'Reverend Sir, by what means does one thus become chief benefactress?'

"'By praying for a hundred thousand world-cycles to become one.'

"'Reverend Sir, could I become one, if I now made my prayer?'

"'Assuredly, you could.'

"'In that case, Reverend Sir, come with your hundred thousand priests and take alms of me for seven days.'

"The Teacher consented; and for seven days she gave alms of food, and on the last day stuff for robes. Then she did obeisance to The Teacher, and, falling at his feet, made her prayer:

"'Reverend Sir, I do not pray for rule among the gods, or any other such reward as the fruit of this alms-giving; but that from some Buddha like yourself I may obtain the eight boons, and have the position of mother, and be chief of those able to provide the four reliances.'

"The Teacher looked into the future for a hundred thousand cycles to see if her prayer would be fulfilled, and said:

"'At the end of a hundred thousand cycles a Buddha named Gotama shall arise, and you shall be a female lay disciple of his, and have the name Visākhā. From him you shall obtain the eight boons, and obtain the position of mother, and become chief of the benefactresses who shall provide the four reliances.'

". . . and after a life of meritorious deeds, she was reborn in the world of the gods. And continuing to be reborn in the world of the gods and the world of men, she was born

in the time of The Supreme Buddha Kassapa as the youngest of the seven daughters of Kiki, king of Benares. In this existence she was called Servant-of-the-Congregation; and having married, and with her sisters for a long time given alms and done other meritorious deeds, she fell at the feet of The Supreme Buddha Kassapa, and prayed: 'At a future time may I hold the position of mother to a Buddha such as you, and become chief of the female givers of the four reliances.' Now, after further rebirths in the world of the gods and the world of men, she has been born in this existence as the daughter of Dhanañjaya the treasurer, the son of Mendaka the treasurer, and has done many meritorious deeds for my religion. Thus it is, O priests, that I say my daughter is not singing, but that, at the realization of her prayer, she breathes forth a solemn utterance."

And The Teacher continued his instruction, and said,

"Priests, just as a skilful garland-maker, if he obtain a large heap of various kinds of flowers, will go on and on making all manner of garlands, even so does the mind of Visākhā incline to do all manner of noble deeds." So saying, he pronounced this stanza:

"As flowers in rich profusion piled
Will many a garland furnish forth;
So all the years of mortal man
Should fruitful be in all good works."

(HINDUISM)
THE BHAGAVAD-GITA
OR
SONG CELESTIAL

TRANSLATED BY
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

OR

SONG CELESTIAL

CHAPTER I

Dhritirashtra:

RANGED thus for battle on the sacred plain—
On Kurukshetra—say, Sanjaya! say
What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?

SANJAYA:

When he beheld the host of Pandavas
Raja Duryôdhana to Drona drew,
And spake these words: "Ah, Guru! see this line,
How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men,
Embattled by the son of Drupada,
Thy scholar in the war! Therein stand ranked
Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhîma chiefs,
Benders of bows; Virâta, Yuyudhân,
Drupada, eminent upon his car,
Dhrishtaket, Chekitân, Kasi's stout lord,
Purujit, Kuntibhôj, and Saivya,
With Yudhâmanyu, and Uttamaúj
Subhadra's child; and Drupadi's;—all famed!
All mounted on their shining chariots!
On our side, too,—thou best of Brahmans! see
Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line,
Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first,
Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight,
Vikarna, Aswatthâman; next to these
Strong Saumadatti, with full many more
Valiant and tried, ready this day to die
For me their king, each with his weapon grasped,
Each skilful in the field. Weakest—meseems—

On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,
Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed (O Bharata!)
Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds
Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.
"See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand,
Thy kindred of the Kurus:" and the Prince
Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
With friends and honored elders; some this side,
Some that side ranged: and, seeing those opposed,
Such kith grown enemies—Arjuna's heart
Melted with pity, while he uttered this:

ARJUNA:

Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
The life within me seems to swim and faint;
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good
Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
Thus sadly won! *Aho!* what victory
Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils
Could profit; what rule recompense; what span
Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,
For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
And power grew precious:—grandsires, sires, and sons,
Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these
Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow,

CHAPTER II

SANJAYA:

HIM, filled with such compassion and such grief,
With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern words
The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed:

KRISHNA:

How hath this weakness taken thee? Whence springs
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun!
Forbid thyself to feebleness! it mars
Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit!
Wake! Be thyself! Arise, Scourge of thy foes!

ARJUNA:

How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts
On Bhishma, or on Drona—oh, thou Chief!—
Both worshipful, both honorable men?

 Better to live on beggar's bread
 With those we love alive,
 Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
 And guiltily survive!
Ah! were it worse—who knows?—to be
 Victor or vanquished here,
When those confront us angrily
 Whose death leaves living drear?
In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
 My thoughts—distracted—turn
To Thee, the Guide I reverence most,
 That I may counsel learn:
I know not what would heal the grief
 Burned into soul and sense,
If I were earth's unchallenged chief—
 A god—and these gone thence!

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be
 never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are
 dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the
 spirit for ever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the
 house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
 Immortal, indestructible,—shall such
 Say, “I have killed a man, or caused to kill?”

Nay, but as when one layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And, taking new ones, sayeth,
 “These will I wear to-day!”
 So putteth by the spirit
 Lightly its garb of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life,
 Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
 Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
 Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
 Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
 Invisible, ineffable, by word
 And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
 Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,
 Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not
 grieve?

How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
 Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
 One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
 The end of birth is death; the end of death
 Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
 Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
 Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
 Of living things comes unperceived; the death

Thus far I speak to thee
 As from the "Sâmkhya"—unspiritually—
 Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yôg,
 Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst
 Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.
 Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred
 No loss be feared: faith—yea, a little faith—
 Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.
 Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule—
 One steadfast rule—while shifting souls have
 laws

Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem
 The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol
 The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This
 Is all we have, or need;" being weak at heart
 With wants, seekers of Heaven: which comes—
 they say—

As "fruit of good deeds done;" promising men
 Much profit in new births for works of faith;
 In various rites abounding; following whereon
 Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and
 power;

Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire
 Least fixity of soul have such, least hold
 On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,
 From Veds, concerning the "three qualities;"
 But thou, be free of the "three qualities,"
 Free of the "pairs of opposites,"¹ and free
 From that sad righteousness which calculates;
 Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied!²
 Look! like as when a tank pours water forth
 To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
 Texts for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.
 But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward
 Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be
 Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
 And live in action! Labor! Make thine acts
 Thy piety, casting all self aside,

¹ Technical phrases of Vedic religion.

² The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.

He, who to none and nowhere overbound
 By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
 Neither desponding nor exulting, such
 Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw,
 As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
 Under its shield, his five frail senses back
 Under the spirit's buckler from the world
 Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince!
 Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
 Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
 The appetites of him who lives beyond
 Depart,—aroused no more. Yet may it chance
 O Son of Kunti! that a governed mind
 Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and
 wrest

Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
 His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
 On Me intent. That man alone is wise
 Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
 Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
 Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
 Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
 Recklessness; then the memory—all betrayed—
 Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
 Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
 But, if one deals with objects of the sense
 Not loving and not hating, making them
 Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
 Lo, such a man comes to tranquillity;
 And out of that tranquillity shall rise
 The end and healing of his earthly pains,
 Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
 The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
 Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
 How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
 Whence shall he hope for happiness?

The mind

That gives itself to follow shows of sense
 Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
 And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives

CHAPTER III

ARJUNA:

THOU whom all mortals praise, Janârdana!
If meditation be a nobler thing
Than action, wherefore, then, great Kesava!
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight?
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed!
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly;
By what road shall I find the better end?

KRISHNA:

I told thee, blameless Lord! there be two paths
Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom. First
The Sâmkhya's, which doth save in way of works
Prescribed¹ by reason; next, the Yôg, which bids
Attain by meditation, spiritually:
Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling, into act;
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite:
But he who, with strong body serving mind,
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task!
Work is more excellent than idleness;
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
There is a task of holiness to do,

¹ I feel convinced *sâmkhyâdân* and *yogindân* must be transposed here in sense.

Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise
choose

The unwise people take; what best men do
The multitude will follow. Look on me,
Thou Son of Prithâ! in the three wide worlds
I am not bound to any toil, no height
Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
Yet I act here! and, if I acted not—
Earnest and watchful—those that look to me
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
And I should break earth's order and commit
Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata!
Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,
So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss;
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts
Seed of despair. Yea! let each play his part
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought
In interaction of the qualities.
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did"
And "That I wrought;" but—ah, thou strong-armed
Prince!—

A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play
Of visible things within the world of sense,
And how the qualities must qualify,
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light;
But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,
| With meditation centred inwardly,
| Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,
Heedless of issue—fight! They who shall keep
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,
Have quittance from all issue of their acts;
But those who disregard my ordinance,
Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,

Lay life itself upon the altar-flame,
 Burning the body wan. Lo! all these keep
 The rite of offering, as if they slew
 Victims; and all thereby efface much sin
 Yea! and who feed on the immortal food
 Left of such sacrifice, to Brahma pass
 To The Unending. But for him that makes
 No sacrifice, he hath nor part nor lot
 Even in the present world. How should he share
 Another, O thou Glory of thy Line.

In sight of Brahma all these offerings
 Are spread and are accepted! Comprehend
 That all proceed by act; for knowing this,
 Thou shalt be quit of doubt. The sacrifice
 Which Knowledge pays is better than great gifts
 Offered by wealth, since gifts' worth—O my Prince!
 Lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves:
 And these are gained by reverence, by strong search,
 By humble heed of those who see the Truth
 And teach it. Knowing Truth, thy heart no more
 Will ache with error, for the Truth shall show
 All things subdued to thee, as thou to Me.
 Moreover, Son of Pandu! wert thou worst
 Of all wrong-doers, this fair ship of Truth
 Should bear thee safe and dry across the sea
 Of thy transgressions. As the kindled flame
 Feeds on the fuel till it sinks to ash,
 So unto ash, Arjuna! unto nought
 The flame of Knowledge wastes works' dross away!
 There is no purifier like thereto
 In all this world, and he who seeketh it
 Shall find it—being grown perfect—in himself.
 Believing, he receives it when the soul
 Masters itself, and cleaves to Truth, and comes—
 Possessing knowledge—to the higher peace,
 The uttermost repose. But those untaught,
 And those without full faith, and those who fear
 Are shent; no peace is here or other where,
 No hope, nor happiness for whoso doubts.

He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,
Disparting self from service, soul from works,
Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!
Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain
With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!
This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! cleave the bond
Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!
Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

*Here endeth Chapter IV. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
entitled "Jnana-Yôg," or "The Book of
the Religion of Knowledge"*

CHAPTER V

ARJUNA:

YET, Krishna! at the one time thou dost laud
Surcease of works, and, at another time,
Service through work. Of these twain plainly tell
Which is the better way?

KRISHNA:

To cease from works
Is well, and to do works in holiness
Is well; and both conduct to bliss supreme;
But of these twain the better way is his
Who working piously refraineth not.

That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,
Who—seeking nought, rejecting nought—dwells proof
Against the “opposites.”¹ O valiant Prince!
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed:
'Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,
This Sâmkhya and this Yôga: wise men know
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both!
The region of high rest which Sâmkhyans reach
Yogins attain. Who sees these twain as one
Sees with clear eyes! Yet such abstraction, Chief!
Is hard to win without much holiness.
Whoso is fixed in holiness, self-ruled,
Pure-hearted, lord of senses and of self,
Lost in the common life of all which lives—
A “Yôgayukt”—he is a Saint who wends
Straightway to Brahm. Such an one is not touched
By taint of deeds. “Nought of myself I do!”
Thus will he think—who holds the truth of truths—
In seeing, hearing, touching, smelling; when
He eats, or goes, or breathes; slumbers or talks,

¹ That is, “joy and sorrow, success and failure, heat and cold,” &c.

Arjuna! if a man sees everywhere—
 Taught by his own similitude—one Life,
 One Essence in the Evil and the Good,
 Hold him a Yôgi, yea! well-perfected!

ARJUNA:

Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yôg,
 This Peace, derived from equanimity,
 Made known by thee—I see no fixity
 Therein, no rest, because the heart of men
 Is unfixed, Krishna! rash, tumultuous,
 Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think,
 To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

KRISHNA:

Hero long-armed! beyond denial, hard
 Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering;
 Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince!
 By wont of self-command. This Yôg, I say,
 Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones;
 But he who will be master of himself
 Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

ARJUNA:

And what road goeth he who, having faith,
 Fails, Krishna! in the striving; falling back
 From holiness, missing the perfect rule?
 Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light,
 Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and
 Heaven
 When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth?
 Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,
 Since, Krishna! none save thou can clear the doubt.

KRISHNA:

He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ! No!
 Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
 Because no heart that holds one right desire
 Treadeth the road of loss! He who should fail,

CHAPTER VII

KRISHNA:

LEARN now, dear Prince! how, if thy soul be set
Ever on Me—still exercising Yôg,
Still making Me thy Refuge—thou shalt come
Most surely unto perfect hold of Me.
I will declare to thee that utmost lore,
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,
Striveth for Truth; and of those few that strive—
Nay, and rise high—one only—here and there—
Knoweth Me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,
And individuality—those eight
Make up the showing of Me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature; learn the higher,
Whereby, thou Valiant One! this Universe
Is, by its principle of life, produced;
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born
As from a *Yoni*. Know! I am that womb:
I make and I unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell

At end of many births to Me they come!
 Yet hard the wise Mahatma is to find,
 That man who sayeth, "All is Vāsudev!"²

There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside
 By this desire or that, gives them to serve
 Some lower gods, with various rites, constrained
 By that which mouldeth them. Unto all such—
 Worship what shrine they will, what shapes, in
 faith—

'Tis I who give them faith! I am content!
 The heart thus asking favor from its God,
 Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,
 The lesser blessing—but 'tis I who give!
 Yet soon is withered what small fruit they reap
 Those men of little minds, who worship so,
 Go where they worship, passing with their gods.
 But Mine come unto me! Blind are the eyes
 Which deem th' Unmanifested manifest,
 Not comprehending Me in my true Self!
 Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,
 Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,
 I am not seen by all; I am not known—
 Unborn and changeless—to the idle world.
 But I, Arjuna! know all things which were,
 And all which are, and all which are to be,
 Albeit not one among them knoweth Me!

By passion for the "pairs of opposites,"
 By those twain snares of Like and Dislike, Prince!
 All creatures live bewildered, save some few
 Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,
 Freed from the "opposites," and fixed in faith,
 Cleave unto Me.

Who cleave, who seek in Me
 Refuge from birth¹ and death, those have the Truth!
 Those know Me BRAHMA; know Me Soul of Souls,
 The ADHYATMAN; know KARMA, my work;

¹ Krishna. ² I read here *janma*, "birth;" not *jara*, "age."

Know I am ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Life,
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice;
Worship Me well, with hearts of love and faith,
And find and hold Me in the hour of death.

*Here endeth Chapter VII. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
entitled "Vijnânayôg," or "The Book
of Religion by Discernment"*

CHAPTER VIII

ARJUNA :

Who is that BRAHMA? What that Soul of Souls,
The ADHYATMAN? What, Thou Best of All!
Thy work, the KARMA? Tell me what it is
Thou namest ADHIBHUTA? What again
Means ADHIDAIVA? Yea, and how it comes
Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA in thy flesh?
Slayer of Madhu! Further, make me know
How good men find thee in the hour of death?

KRISHNA :

I BRAHMA am! the One Eternal God,
And ADHYATMAN is My Being's name,
The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from Me,
Causing all life to live, is KARMA called:
And, Manifested in divided forms,
I am the ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Lives;
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
Because I am PURUSHA, who begets.
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice,
I—speaking with thee in this body here—
Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines
Flame unto Me!) And, at the hour of death,
He that hath meditated Me alone,
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,
Enters into My Being—doubt thou not!
But, if he meditated otherwise
At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have Me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,
Shalt surely come to Me! All come who cleave

But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to Me,
 Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day
 Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know
 The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,
 Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know!
 When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible
 Is brought anew into the Visible;
 When that deep Night doth darken, all which is
 Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth;
 Yea! this vast company of living things—
 Again and yet again produced—expires
 At Brahma's Nightfall; and, at Brahma's Dawn,
 Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.
 But—higher, deeper, innermost—abides
 Another Life, not like the life of sense,
 Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures
 When all created things have passed away:
 This is that Life named the Unmanifest,
 The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.
 Thither arriving none return. That Life
 Is Mine, and I am there! And, Prince! by faith
 Which wanders not, there is a way to come
 Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread
 The Universe around me—in Whom dwell
 All living Things—may so be reached and seen!¹

Richer than holy fruit on Veda's growing,
 Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,
 Such wisdom is! The Yôgi, this way knowing,
 Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

*Here endeth Chapter VIII. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, entitled
 "Aksharaparabrahmayôg," or "The Book of
 Religion by Devotion to the One
 Supreme God"*

¹ I have discarded ten lines of Sanskrit text here as an undoubted interpolation by some Vedantist.

CHAPTER IX

KRISHNA:

Now will I open unto thee—whose heart
Rejects not—that last lore, deepest-concealed,
That farthest secret of My Heavens and Earths,
Which but to know shall set thee free from ills,—
A Royal lore! a Kingly mystery!
Yea! for the soul such light as purgeth it
From every sin; a light of holiness
With inmost splendor shining; plain to see;
Easy to walk by, inexhaustible!

They that receive not this, failing in faith
To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not Me,
Destroyer of thy foes! They sink anew
Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change!

By Me the whole vast Universe of things
Is spread abroad;—by Me, the Unmanifest!
In Me are all existences contained;
Not I in them!

Yet they are not contained,
Those visible things! Receive and strive to embrace
The mystery majestic! My Being—
Creating all, sustaining all—still dwells
Outside of all!

See! as the shoreless airs
Move in the measureless space, but are not space,
[And space were space without the moving airs];
So all things are in Me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince!
All things which be back to My Being come:
At the beginning of each Kalpa, all
Issue newborn from Me.

Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes, new
light!

And, look! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal sight!

SANJAYA:

Then, O King! the God, so saying,
Stood, to Prithâ's Son displaying
All the splendor, wonder, dread
Of His vast Almighty-head.
Out of countless eyes beholding,
Out of countless mouths commanding,
Countless mystic forms enfolding
In one Form: supremely standing
Countless radiant glories wearing,
Countless heavenly weapons bearing,
Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,
Robed in garb of woven lustres,
Breathing from His perfect Presence
Breaths of all delicious essence
Of all sweetest odors; shedding
Blinding brilliance, overspreading—
Boundless, beautiful—all spaces
From His all-regarding faces;
So He showed! If there should rise
Suddenly within the skies
Sunburst of a thousand suns
Flooding earth with rays undeemed-of,
Then might be that Holy One's
Majesty and glory dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold
All this universe enfold
All its huge diversity
Into one great shape, and be
Visible, and viewed, and blended
In one Body—subtle, splendid,
Nameless—th' All-comprehending
God of Gods, the Never-Ending
Deity!

To shelter Virtue's laws;
The Fount whence Life's stream draws
All waters of all rivers of all being:
The One Unborn, Unending:
Unchanging and unblending!
With might and majesty, past thought, past seeing!

Silver of moon and gold
Of sun are glances rolled
From Thy great eyes; Thy visage beaming tender
Over the stars and skies,
Doth to warm life surprise
Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with wonder

Of Thy perfections! Space
Star-sprinkled, and the place
From pole to pole of the heavens, from bound to bound,
Hath Thee in every spot,
Thee, Thee!—Where Thou art not
O Holy, Marvellous Form! is nowhere found!

O Mystic, Awful One!
At sight of Thee, made known,
The Three Worlds quake; the lower gods draw nigh
Thee;
They fold their palms, and bow
Body, and breast, and brow,
And, whispering worship, laud and magnify Thee!

Rishis and Siddhas cry
"Hail! Highest Majesty!"
From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory
In holy melody,
Sounding the praise of Thee,
While countless companies take up the story,

Rudras, who rides the storms,
Th' Adityas' shining forms,
Vasus and Sâdhyas, Viswas, Ushmapas,

I see our noblest ones,
Great Dhritarashtra's sons,
Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!

The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,
That gaping gorge within;
The best of all both armies torn and riven!
Between Thy jaws they lie
Mangled fell bloodily,
Ground into dust and death! Like streams down
driven

With helpless haste, which go
In headlong furious flow
Straight to the gulping maw of th' unfilled ocean,
So to that flaming cave
These heroes great and brave
Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion!

Like moths which in the night
Flutter towards a light,
Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,
So to their death still throng,
Blind, dazzled, borne along
Ceaselessly, all these multitudes, wild flying!

Thou, that hast fashioned men,
Devourest them agen,
One with another, great and small, alike!
The creatures whom Thou mak'st,
With flaming jaws Thou tak'st,
Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike

From end to end of earth,
Filling life full, from birth
To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread!
Ah, Vishnu! make me know
Why is Thy visage so?
Who art Thou, feasting thus upon Thy dead?

Who? awful Deity!
 I bow myself to Thee,
Nâmostu Tê Devavara! Prasîd!^a
 O Mightiest Lord! rehearse
 Why hast Thou face so fierce?
 Whence did this aspect horrible proceed?

KRISHNA:

Thou seest Me as Time who kills, Time who brings all to
 doom,
 The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;
 Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chiefs arrayed,
 There shines not one shall leave alive the battlefield!
 Dismayed
 No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy foes!
 Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou hast van-
 quished those.
 By Me they fall—not thee! the stroke of death is dealt
 them now,
 Even as they stand thus gallantly; My instrument art thou!
 Strike, strong-armed Prince! at Drona! at Bhishma strike!
 deal death
 To Karna, Jyadratha; stay all this warlike breath!
 'Tis I who bid them perish! Thou wilt but slay the slain.
 Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor upon this
 plain!

SANJAYA:

Hearing mighty Keshav's word,
 Tremblingly that helmèd Lord
 Clasped his lifted palms, and—praying
 Grace of Krishna—stood there, saying,
 With bowed brow and accents broken,
 These words, timorously spoken:

ARJUNA:

Worthily, Lord of Might!
 The whole world hath delight
 In Thy surpassing power, obeying Thee;
^a "Hail to Thee, God of Gods! Be favorable?"

The Rakshasas, in dread
 At sight of Thee, are sped
 To all four quarters; and the company

Of Siddhas sound Thy name.
 How should they not proclaim
 Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest?
 Thou Brahm, than Brahma greater!
 Thou Infinite Creator!
 Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest!

Thou, of all souls the Soul!
 The Comprehending Whole!
 Of Being formed, and formless Being the Framers;
 O Utmost One! O Lord!
 Older than eld, Who stored
 The worlds with wealth of life. O Treasure-claimed.

Who wottest all, and art
 Wisdom Thyself! O Part
 In all, and all, for all from Thee have risen!
 Numberless now I see
 The aspects are of Thee!
 Vayu^a Thou art, and He who keeps the prison

Of Narak, Yama dark,
 And Agni's shining spark.
 Varuna's waves are Thy waves. Moon and star-light
 Are Thine! Prajâpati
 Art Thou, and 'tis to Thee
 Men kneel in worshipping the old world's far light,

The first of mortal men.
 Again, Thou God! again
 A thousand thousand times be magnified!
 Honor and worship be—
 Glory and praise,—to Thee
Namô, Namastê, cried on every side.

^a The wind.

In gentleness on me!
Good is it I did see
This unknown marvel of Thy Form! But fear
Mingles with joy! Retake,
Dear Lord! for pity's sake
Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear!

Be merciful, and show
The visage that I know;
Let me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed
With disc and forehead-gem,
With mace and anedem,
Thou who sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold
The form I loved of old,
Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes!
My frightened heart is fain
To see restored again
The Charioteer, my Krishna's kind disguise.

KRISHNA:

Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because I loved thee well,
The secret countenance of Me, revealed by mystic spell,
Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, manifold,
Which none save thou in all the years had favor to
behold:

For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor alms,
Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers nor
chaunted psalms,
That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal Soul
unclad,

Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone! Be
glad!

Let no more trouble shake thy heart because thine eyes have
seen

My terror with My glory. As I before have been
So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart behold!
Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou knew'st of
old!

SANJAYA:

These words to Arjuna spake
Vâsudev, and straight did take
Back again the semblance dear
Of the well-loved charioteer;
Peace and joy it did restore
When the Prince beheld once more
Mighty BRAHMA'S form and face
Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

ARJUNA:

Now that I see come back, Janardana!
This friendly human frame, my mind can think
Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!

KRISHNA:

Yea! it was wonderful and terrible
To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods
Dread and desire continually to view!
Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,
Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer
Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen!
Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
And uttermost surrender am I known
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for Me; who findeth Me
In all; adoreth always; loveth all
Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole end,
That man, Arjuna! unto Me doth wend.

*Here endeth Chapter XI. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
entitled "Viswarupdarsanam," or "The
Book of the Manifesting of the One
and Manifold"*

CHAPTER XII

ARJUNA:

LORD! of the men who serve Thee—true in heart—
As God revealed; and of the men who serve,
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, far,
Which take the better way of faith and life?

KRISHNA:

Whoever serve Me—as I show Myself—
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,
These hold I very holy. But who serve—
Worshipping Me The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure—
Who thus adore Me, mastering their sense,
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto Me.

Yet, hard

The travail is for whoso bend their minds
To reach th' Unmanifest. That viewless path
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing his flesh!
But whereso any doeth all his deeds,
Renouncing self in Me, full of Me, fixed
To serve only the Highest, night and day
Musing on Me—him will I swiftly lift
Forth from life's ocean of distress and death
Whose soul clings fast to Me. Cling thou to
Me!

Clasp Me with heart and mind! so shalt thou
dwell

Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak
to set

Body and soul upon Me constantly,
Despair not! give Me lower service! seek

That man I love! But most of all I love
Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live
In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
Eating the blessed Amrit of my Being!

*Here endeth Chapter XII. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
entitled "Bhakityôgô," or "The Book of
the Religion of Faith"*

Imperishable amid the Perishing:
 For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
 In every form, the same, one, Living Lord,
 Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
 But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
 Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
 Are Nature's wont, for Soul to use, not love,
 Acting, yet not the actor; sees the mass
 Of separate living things—each of its kind—
 Issue from One, and blend again to One:
 Then hath he BRAHMA, he attains!

O Prince!

That Ultimate, High Spirit, Uncreate,
 Unqualified, even when it entereth flesh
 Taketh no stain of acts, worketh in nought!
 Like to th' ethereal air, pervading all,
 Which, for sheer subtlety, avoideth taint,
 The subtle Soul sits everywhere, unstained:
 Like to the light of the all-piercing sun
 [Which is not changed by aught it shines upon,]
 The Soul's light shineth pure in every place;
 And they who, by such eye of wisdom see
 How matter, and what deals with it, divide;
 And how the Spirit and the flesh have strife,
 These wise ones go the way which leads to Life!

*Here ends Chapter XIII. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
 entitled "Kshetrakshetrejnavibhâgayôgô,"
 or "The Book of Religion by Sepa-
 ration of Matter and Spirit"*

Draws silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.
 I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
 Their living force; I glide into the plant—
 Its root, leaf, bloom—to make the woodland green
 With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,
 I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass
 With outward and with inward breath to feed
 The body with all meats.²

For in this world
 Being is twofold: the Divided, one;
 The Undivided, one. All things that live
 Are “the Divided.” That which sits apart,
 “The Undivided.”

Higher still is ONE,
 The Highest, holding all whose Name is LORD,
 The Eternal, Sovereign, First! Who fills all worlds,
 Sustaining them. And—dwelling thus beyond
 Divided Life and Undivided—I
 Am called of men and Vedas, God Supreme,
 The PURUSHOTTAMA.

Who knows Me thus,
 With mind unclouded, knoweth all, dear Prince!
 And with his whole soul ever worshipping Me.

Now is the sacred secret Mystery
 Declared to thee! Who comprehendeth this
 Hath wisdom! He is quit of works in bliss!

*Here ends Chapter XV. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ
 entitled “Purushottamapraptiyôgô,”
 or “The Book of Religion by
 attaining the Supreme”*

² I omit a verse here, evidently interpolated.

CHAPTER XVI

KRISHNA:

FEARLESSNESS, singleness of soul, the will
 Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand
 And governed appetites; and piety
 And love of lonely study; humbleness,
 Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
 Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
 That lightly letteth go what others prize;
 And equanimity, and charity
 Which spieeth no man's faults; and tenderness
 Towards all that suffer; a contented heart,
 Flattered by no desires; a hearing mind,
 Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed
 With patience, fortitude, and purity:
 An unrevenged spirit never given
 To rate itself too high:—such be the signs
 O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set
 On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

Devotion, and arrogance, and pride,
 Quickness to anger, harsh and evil speech,
 And ignorance of his own highest good—
 These be the signs, My Prince, of him whose birth
 Is cursed for the regions of the dead.

The Heavenly Birth brings to remembrance
 No shadow thou knowest. The birth that Asuras
 Bring and bringage. Be thou, O Prince,
 Whose lot is set apart for heavenly birth.

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,
 Divine and Undivine. I speak to thee
 By what marks thou shalt know the Heavenly Man,
 Ever from the now of the Undivine.

“It is written” is

In piety of ancient faith. Thus vowed
 To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,
 These My blasphemers, in the forms they wear
 And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,
 Hateful and hating; cruel, evil, vile,
 Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down
 Again, and yet again, at end of lives,
 Into some devilish womb, whence—birth by birth—
 The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled;
 And, till they find and worship Me, sweet Prince!
 Tread they that Nether Road.

The Doors of Hell

Are threefold, whereby men to ruin pass,—
 The door of Lust, the door of Wrath, the door
 Of Avarice. Let a man shun those three!
 He who shall turn aside from entering
 All those three gates of Narak, wendeth straight
 To find his peace, and comes to Swarga's gate.

*Here endeth Chapter XVI. of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ,
 entitled "Daivasarasaupadwibhâgayôg," or
 "The Book of the Separateness of the
 Divine and Undivine"*

^a I omit the ten concluding shlokas, with Mr. Davies.

Unto Brahma cometh he!
 Nay, and nowhere shall ye find
 Any man of all mankind
 Doing dearer deed for Me;
 Nor shall any dearer be
 In My earth. Yea, furthermore,
 Whoso reads this converse o'er
 Held by Us upon the plain,
 Pondering piously and fain,
 He hath paid Me sacrifice!
 (Krishna speaketh in this wise!)
 Yea, and whoso, full of faith,
 Heareth wisely what it saith,
 Heareth meekly,—when he dies,
 Surely shall his spirit rise
 To those regions where the Blest,
 Free of flesh, in joyance rest.]

Hath this been heard by thee, O Indian Prince!
 With mind intent? hath all the ignorance—
 Which bred thy trouble—vanished, My Arjun?

ARJUNA:

Trouble and ignorance are gone! the Light
 Hath come unto me, by Thy favor, Lord!
 Now am I fixed! my doubt is fled away!
 According to Thy word, so will I do!

SANJAYA:

Thus gathered I the gracious speech of Krishna, O my King!
 Thus have I told, with heart a-thrill, this wise and wond-
 rous thing
 By great Vyâsa's learning writ, how Krishna's self made
 known
 The Yôga, being Yôga's Lord. So is the high truth shown!
 And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King, again
 Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy strain,
 Great is my gladness: when I muse that splendor, passing
 speech,
 Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to reach

My marvel and my love and bliss. O Archer-Prince! all
hail!

O Krishna, Lord of Yôga! surely there shall not fail
Blessing, and victory, and power, for Thy most mighty
sake,

Where this song comes of Arjun, and how with God he
spake.

*Here ends, with Chapter XVIII. entitled "Mokshason-
yâsayôg," or "The Book of Religion by
Deliverance and Renunciation,"*

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

Subhamastu Sarvajagatân

(MOHAMMEDAN)
CHAPTERS FROM THE KORAN

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY
E. H. PALMER

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Reclining on couches in rows; and we will wed them to large-eyed maids.

And those who believe and whose seed follows them in the faith, we will unite their seed with them; and we will not cheat them of their work at all;—every man is pledged for what he earns.*

And we will extend to them fruit and flesh such as they like. They shall pass to and fro therein a cup in which is neither folly nor sin.

And round them shall go boys of theirs, as though they were hidden pearls.

And they shall accost each other and ask questions, and shall say, 'Verily, we were before amidst our families shrinking with terror,' but God has been gracious to us and saved us from the torment of the hot blast.

'Verily, we used to call on Him before; verily, He is the righteous, the compassionate!'

Wherefore do thou^b remind them: for thou art, by the favour of thy Lord, neither a soothsayer nor mad!

Will they say, 'A poet; we wait for him the sad accidents of fate?'

Say, 'Wait ye then; for I too am of those who wait!'

Do their dreams bid them this? or are they an outrageous people?

Or will they say, 'He has invented it?'—nay, but they do not believe!

But let them bring a discourse like it, if they tell the truth!

Or were they created of nothing, or were they the creators? Or did they create the heavens and the earth?—nay, but they are not sure!

Or have they the treasures of thy Lord? or are they the governors supreme?

Or have they a ladder whereon they can listen^c?—then let their listener bring obvious authority.

Has He daughters, while ye have sons?

* Every man is pledged to God for his conduct, and, if he does well, redeems himself.

^b At the thought of the next life.

^c Addressed to Mohammed.

^d I. e. a ladder reaching to the gates of heaven, upon which they may stand and listen to the angels discoursing, as the devils do.

Or dost thou ask them a hire, while they are borne down by debt?

Or have they the unseen, so that they write it down?

Or do they desire a plot?—but those who misbelieve it is who are plotted against!

Or have they a god beside God? celebrated be God's praises above what they join with Him!

But if they should see a fragment of the sky falling down, they would say, 'Clouds in masses!'

But leave them till they meet that day of theirs whereon they shall swoon⁷; the day when their plotting shall avail them naught, and they shall not be helped!

And, verily, there is a torment beside that⁸ for those who do wrong; but most of them do not know!

But wait thou patiently for the judgment of thy Lord, for thou art in our eyes. And celebrate the praises of thy Lord what time thou risest, and in the night, and at the fading of the stars!

THE CHAPTER OF THE INEVITABLE

IN the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

When the inevitable¹ happens; none shall call its happening a lie!—abasing—exalting!

When the earth shall quake, quaking! and the mountains shall crumble, crumbling, and become like motes dispersed!

And ye shall be three sorts;

And the fellows of the right hand—what right lucky fellows!

And the fellows of the left hand—what unlucky fellows!

And the foremost foremost²!

These are they who are brought nigh,

In gardens of pleasure!

A crowd of those of yore,

And a few of those of the latter day!

And gold-weft couches, reclining on them face to face.

⁷ At the sound of the last trumpet.

⁸ I. e. beside the torment of the judgment day they shall be punished with defeat and loss here.

¹ I. e. the day of judgment.

² I. e. the foremost in professing the faith on earth shall be the foremost then.

‘And a Qur’ân which we have divided, that thou mayst read it to mankind leisurely, and we sent it down, sending it down.’¹⁴

Say, ‘Believe ye therein, or believe not; verily, those who were given the knowledge before it, when it is read to them fall down upon their beards adoring! and they say, “Celebrated be the praises of our Lord! verily, the promise of our Lord is ever fulfilled”—they fall down upon their beards weeping, and it increases their humility.’

Say, ‘Call on God, or call on the Merciful One, whichever ye may call on Him by; for His are the best of names.’

And do not say thy prayers openly, nor yet murmur them, but seek a way between these.

And say, ‘Praise belongs to God, who has not taken to Himself a son, and has not had a partner in His kingdom, nor had a patron against (such) abasement.’ And magnify Him greatly!

THE CHAPTER OF JOSEPH, (PEACE BE ON HIM!)

IN the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

A. L. R. Those are the signs of the perspicuous Book. Verily, we have revealed it, an Arabic Qur’ân; haply ye may understand.

We tell thee the best of stories, in inspiring thee with this Qur’ân, though thou wert before it among the heedless.

When Joseph said to his father, ‘O my sire! verily, I saw eleven stars, and the sun, and the moon,—I saw them adoring me!’

He said, ‘O my boy! tell not thy vision to thy brethren, for they will plot a plot against thee; verily, the devil is to man an open foe.’

Thus does thy Lord choose thee, and teach thee the interpretation of sayings, and fulfil His favour upon thee, and upon Jacob’s people, as He fulfilled it upon thy two forefathers before thee, Abraham and Isaac,—verily, thy Lord is knowing, wise!

In Joseph and his brethren were signs to those who enquire!

¹⁴ As occasion required.

God blots out what He will, or He confirms; and with Him is the Mother of the Book.

Either we will let thee see a part of what we threaten them with, or we will take thee to Ourselves; but thy duty is only to deliver thy message, and ours to reckon up.

Did they not see that we come to the land and diminish the borders thereof? God judges, and there is none to reverse His judgment, and He is swift at reckoning up!

And those who were before them were crafty too; but God's is the craft altogether! He knows what every soul earns; and the misbelievers shall know whose is the recompense of the abode.

And those who misbelieve say, 'Thou art not sent!' Say, 'God is witness enough between me and you; and so is he who has the knowledge of the Book!'

° Alluding to the conquests of Islām.

the game of the land while ye are on pilgrimage; so fear God to whom ye shall be gathered.

God has made the Kaabah, the sacred House, to be a station for men, and the sacred month, and the offering and its neck garland; this is that ye may know that God knows what is in the heavens and what is in the earth, and that God knows all things. Know that God is keen to punish, but that God is forgiving, merciful.

The Apostle has only to preach his message, but God knows what ye show and what ye hide.

Say, 'The vile shall not be deemed equal with the good, although the abundance of the vile please thee.' Fear God then, O ye who have minds! haply ye may prosper.

O ye who believe! ask not about things which if they be shown to you will pain you; but if ye ask about them when the (whole) Qur'ân is revealed, they shall be shown to you. God pardons that, for God is forgiving and clement. People before you have asked about that, yet on the morrow did they disbelieve therein.

And God has not ordained any Ba'hîrah or Sâibah, nor Wazilah nor 'Hâmî,¹⁸ but those who misbelieve invent a lie against God, for most of them do not understand.

And when it is said to them, 'Come round to what God has revealed unto His Apostle,' they say, 'Enough for us is what we found our fathers agreed upon.' What! though their fathers knew nothing and were not guided.

O ye who believe! mind yourselves; he who errs can do you no hurt when ye are guided: unto God is your return altogether, and He will declare to you that which ye do not know.

O ye who believe! let there be a testimony between you

¹⁸ These were the names given to certain animals which were marked and allowed to graze at liberty. Ba'hîrah was the name given to a camel which had had ten young ones; her ear was then slit and she was turned loose to feed. When she died her flesh was eaten by the men only, the women being forbidden to touch it. There were, however, cases in which any she-camel was so called and treated. Sâibah signifies merely a camel turned loose, her being so turned out was generally in fulfilment of a vow. Wazilah was a term applied to any cattle, including sheep and goats, and generally meant a beast who had brought forth a male and female at the seventh parturition. 'Hâmî was a stallion camel which, after begetting ten young ones, was turned loose. As all these customs were connected with the idolatrous superstitions of the pagan Arabs, and tended to keep alive the rites and beliefs of paganism, Mohammed forbade them, with other similar superstitions.

Lord able to send down to us a table from heaven?' he said, 'Fear God, if ye be believers;' and they said, 'We desire to eat therefrom that our hearts may be at rest, and that we may know that what thou hast told us is the truth, and that we may be thereby amongst the witnesses.' Said Jesus the son of Mary, 'O God, our Lord! send down to us a table from heaven to be to us as a festival,—to the first of us and to the last, and a sign from Thee,—and grant us provision, for Thou art the best of providers.'

God said, 'Verily, I am about to send it down to you; but whoso disbelieves amongst you after that, verily, I will torment him with the torment which I have not tormented any one with in all the worlds.'

And when God said, 'O Jesus, son of Mary! is it thou who didst say to men, take me and my mother for two gods, beside God?' He said, 'I celebrate Thy praise! what ails me that I should say what I have no right to? If I had said it, Thou wouldst have known it; Thou knowest what is in my soul, but I know not what is in Thy soul; verily, Thou art one who knoweth the unseen. I never told them save what Thou didst bid me,—“Worship God, my Lord and your Lord,” and I was a witness against them so long as I was amongst them; but when Thou didst take me away to thyself Thou wert the watcher over them, for Thou art witness over all. If Thou shouldst punish them, verily, they are Thy servants; if Thou shouldst forgive them, verily, Thou art the mighty and the wise.' God said, 'This is the day when their confession shall profit the confessors, for them are gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for ever and for aye.'

God is well pleased with them, and they well pleased with Him; that is the mighty happiness.

God's is the kingdom of the heavens, and the earth, and all that is therein, and He is mighty over all.

